

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—Public utility executives would do well to consider what has happened, is happening, and probably will happen to the San Francisco bay ferries. It might induce them to exercise a little foresight instead of waiting for hindsight to prove they are right—assuming that they are. Because the trouble about waiting for that demonstration—still assuming they are right—is that they will be in the position of the motorist who insisted on exercising his rights under traffic regulations:

"He was right, dead right, as he drove along.
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."

Out in San Francisco the ferries, naturally, suffered a huge loss of business when the new bridges were opened up. To recoup some, they obtained permission to reduce their rates. So they made the one-way rate for a car 30 cents instead of 50 cents, and the round trip 50 cents. Whereas the bridges charge 50 cents toll each way, except for a slight reduction for commuters.

As a result, the ferries are doing a land office business hauling automobiles, and the bridge revenues are not what they should be. So the six counties that guarantee the bridge, which means that they have to make up any deficit in paying operating charges and interest on the bonds, are alarmed.

They are appealing to the state railroad commission to reopen the case. What they want, of course, is to force the ferries to charge just as much as the bridges. Boiled down, if they get what they want the ferries might as well go out of business.

Just Imagine

Now let's go back a few years—in other words, use hindsight—and imagine a situation. Let's suppose that when the bridge was first proposed the ferry owners had reduced rates sharply, instead of first waiting in the vain hope that the bridges would never be built, and then seen the inevitable happen. Obviously, a ferry cannot compete with a bridge, once a bridge is built. If the bridge management is permitted, it can make any rates it pleases, drive the ferries out of business, and then raise its rates again. It costs the bridge management virtually nothing, save a little wear and tear on the paving, for traffic to pass over it. The main cost is interest on the investment, and that goes on, whether there is any traffic or not.

The case is strikingly similar to a government hydroelectric project. The project may be uneconomic, but once the dam is built and the power plant installed the current must be produced. The mere fact that it loses money, that it costs the taxpayers money, is beside the point. It is, not to make a pun, water over the dam. So the competing privately owned utilities lose money, the taxpayers lose money, and nobody gains, not even the consumer, because the utilities could, had they used foresight instead of hindsight, have supplied the consumer at just as low rates. As abundantly demonstrated by the San Francisco ferries.

If those ferries had reduced rates back before the bridges were authorized, it would have been necessary, in all computations as to whether construction of such bridges was economically sound, to figure tolls on the basis of ferry rates.

This sort of figuring was done, but it was done on the basis of a 50-cent ferry charge, hence a 50-cent toll on the bridge. On that basis calculations were made showing that the bridges would pay. Had those calculations been made on a 30-cent straight toll, 50-cent round trip, which the ferries are now charging, the bridges might never have been built.

No Hope of Speed

Crop control and wages and hours regulation legislation, to enact which congress was called in extra session, do not promise very rapid action. Very little doubt exists that both will be enacted, but every indication is also that congress will make haste slowly, and in rather exaggerated fashion.

The one contingency that might result in beating the wages and hours bill is that the American Federation of Labor and the Committee for Industrial Organization should both decide openly to knife it. Some think that the A. F. of L. could do it all alone, but no one here is in touch with the situation doubts that both could do it.

Nor does any one doubt that they would kill it if they dared! Neither of the organizations likes it even a little bit. That resolution adopted by the A. F. of L. bristles with opposition to the original plan, and while it was disavowed by leaders in the discussion that the same objections lay against the present form, the opposition is there.

Why else, it might be asked, would an organization as politically minded as the A. F. of L. devote sufficient time to put through a resolu-

tion castigating something which had already been changed as a result of the pleading of its own president, William Green? Why not just discuss any objection which still remains?

The answer is simple. Those responsible for that resolution, in that curious form, were seeking to build up public opinion against the wages and hours bill, almost regardless of details. So they hit it hardest on what they considered its more vulnerable points, despite the fact that those points had been eliminated in the last session.

Wanted No Change

There is the possibility, of course, that there was a slightly different purpose—that the desire was really to prevent the bill's being changed again into something resembling its original and, to union labor, objectionable form.

As a matter of fact, the bitterest opponents of the bill, the folks who so effectually sidetracked it last session, holding it in the house rules committee after every one had assumed it would pass, are hoping to change the bill substantially. And some of the changes that these potent gentlemen want to make would again add some of the features that William Green managed to get stricken out.

As a matter of fact, the opposition of little southern sawmills and other small plants did not really reach the burning point last session until after Green's federation influence had accomplished these changes.

The effect of the so-called Green changes was to restrict the jurisdiction of the board, or whatever the governing body that enforces the wage and hour regulation may be called, to compelling the 40-hour maximum and the 40-cent-an-hour minimum. They would leave all disputes involving conditions better for labor than these particular limitations to be settled by collective bargaining.

Boost Income Tax

Income taxes on \$5,000 to \$50,000 stipends will be sharply boosted by congress in revising the tax law to get the additional money the Treasury needs, unless there should be some totally unexpected upset. Levies on corporation net incomes will also be boosted. Corporations are now paying 15 per cent of their net incomes to the federal government, in addition to the undistributed earnings tax—which, of course, they do not pay if they distribute all their earnings to stockholders.

There will be a strong effort to lower exemptions and hike levies on incomes below \$5,000, both of which are advocated, and have been for several years, by Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin. There is a possibility of boosting the tax on incomes below \$5,000, but the chance of reducing the present exemptions is practically nil.

As a matter of fact, this is one of the few points on which La Follette and the New Deal differ. La Follette wants those with the smaller incomes to pay taxes for two reasons. He wants them to know about taxes, and he knows that to get as much money as he thinks the federal government should have it is necessary to go lower. It just so happens that no one has ever contradicted the statement made by Alfred M. Landon during the last campaign, that if the government took every dollar of every income in the country from \$5,000 upwards it would pay only a fraction of what the government is now spending.

Very few people in the country believe this. It sounds too fantastic. But it happens to be true and La Follette, though never quoting it, knows it and acts on it.

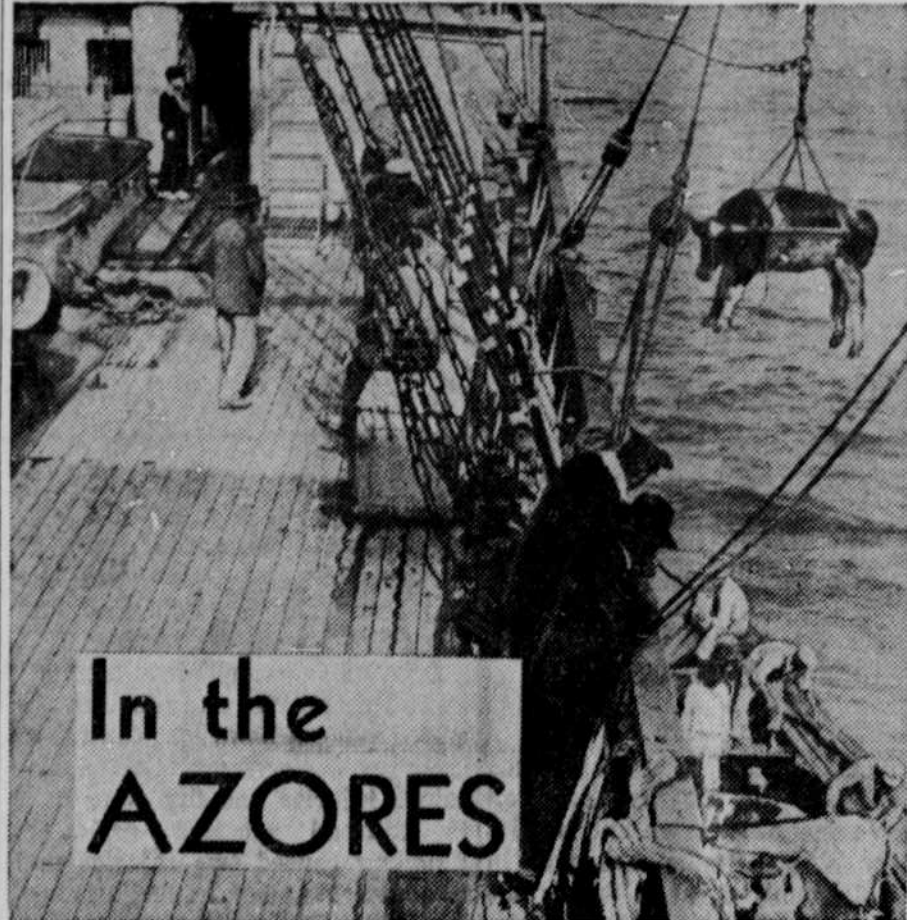
Not on Program

Taxes were not included in the announced program for congress. But since the announcement of the program the budget figures have been worked out. It has developed that the deficit for this fiscal year will be much larger than was anticipated. It is now certain that the debt of the government, on which interest must be paid, will be increased this fiscal year by at least \$750,000,000. This is much smaller than has been the case in the last five years, but there is no assurance at the moment that this is the final figure. The only sure thing is that it will not be less than that.

On top of this the Treasury knows now that a heavy shrinking of revenue will be revealed in the income tax returns of March 15, next, both corporation earnings will be smaller, it is forecast, than for 1936, due not so much to diminished business, for this is comparatively slight, as to increased costs—wage boosts, higher commodity costs, etc. And it is net earnings on which corporation income taxes are computed.

Individual incomes from dividends, as compared with the returns of last March, will be way down in consequence. But on top of this individual incomes will be down because there will be nothing like the profits resulting from security

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In the AZORES

Loading Azores Beef for Portugal.

Tourists Find Many Interesting Things in the Azores Islands

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

IT IS an interesting trip to visit the seven islands of the Azores, northwest of Sao Miguel. Sailing at 9 in the evening, you anchor at dawn in the little harbor of Angra do Heroismo, on the island of Terceira. This attractive, historic old town, hemmed in by green hills, nestles at the head of an oval bay.

From the first, Terceira (third island to be discovered) has been the home of explorers and warriors. In 1474 half of the island was given by the crown to Joao Vaz Corte-Real as a reward for his voyage to Terra Nova dos Bacalhau (New Land of Codfish: Newfoundland). He was the first European except the Vikings, so the Portuguese affirm, to set foot on New World soil. You see the house Corte-Real built and the church where he lies. In the same church is the tomb of Paulo da Gama, second in command on the first voyage to India, who fell ill on the way home and was put ashore here, while his brother, Vasco, sailed on to Lisbon to receive the highest honors his king could bestow.

Other brave mariners sailed from Terceira to the Far West, one of whom is credited in Portuguese annals with the discovery of Labrador.

Although some historians question the voyages of the father, two sons of Corte-Real, Gaspar and Miguel, are known to have sailed from Angra do Heroismo, but they did not return. In the town hall you are shown a sealed box presented to the city by Prof. Edmund B. Delabarre, of Brown university, who some years ago deciphered, on a rock by a Massachusetts river, a worn inscription which he translated:

"Miguel Corte-Real, by the grace of God, chief here of the Indians, 1511."

The box in the town hall contains soil from a spot near this rock.

It is quite possible that Christopher Columbus, while on a visit to his brother-in-law, governor of Graciosa, the island next door to Terceira, profited by tales told him by early Azorian voyagers who had sailed west and returned.

Islanders Were Good Fighters.

In the sixteenth century, men of Terceira put up a splendid fight against the invading Spaniards. When their stronghold fell, Philip II made it his bulwark against British sea rovers.

Angra received the handle "do Heroismo" to its name when, a century ago, it sent troops to Portugal to win battles for Dom Pedro IV (who was Dom Pedro I, emperor of Brazil) against his brother, Dom Miguel.

In the massive fortress built by Philip II, political prisoners are now held. During the World War German residents of Portugal were brought here.

The leading export from the Azores to the United States is embroidery of the Madeira type, made by the women of Terceira.

This is the only island of the Azores where bullfights are held. These are in the Portuguese fashion—no bulls killed and fine horsemanship displayed.

In Angra do Heroismo is one of the Azorian meteorological stations. These stations are the watchdog of the mid-Atlantic, warning ships of approaching storms, sending word to craft on the distant coast of Morocco of the coming of the houle, that strange wave which rises between Iceland and the Azores and sweeps across the ocean.

After motoring to the landing field for airplanes on a plateau four miles from the city, and to Praia da Vitoria, across the island, with one of the finest natural harbors in the Azores, you sail on.

Graciosa from the sea is not as attractive as its neighbors, but does its part agriculturally in spite of shortage of water, producing wine, cereals, and cattle. The Azorian donkeys are bred here. In the bottom of its rock-strewn crater is

a large cave with a fresh-water lake. Albert, prince of Monaco, who did much scientific work in the seas of these, northern islands, describes it as "a unique miracle of Nature."

Sao Jorge is beautiful and wooded; its pastures are famous in the archipelago. In the port of Vila das Velas there is a statue to the memory of a native of the island who "struck oil" in California and left money for the sick and poor of his boyhood home.

Pico's Wines and Cattle.

Pico, whose imposing volcanic peak rises 7,821 feet above the sea, is poorly watered and raises its vines in an unusual way. In rifts in the old lava flow, lupine is planted to decompose, and in this improvised soil the young vines are planted. Pico wine is stronger in alcoholic content than other Azorian wines.

The men of Pico are famous whalers. There are lookouts on the hills-tops, and when the call, "Baleia! Baleia!" rings out, the specially built boats are swiftly launched, towed nowadays by a motorboat, and off they go to chase the giant of the deep. Harpoons, thrown by hand, are used, and spears when the exhausted whale is at last brought alongside—a combat requiring courage and skill.

It is interesting to watch the loading of cattle at Caes do Pico, future beefsteaks for Lisbon. At all of the Azorian ports you anchor offshore. The cattle are rowed out in barges, 10 or 12 to a barge. A broad sling is placed under an animal, a rope tied fore and aft to prevent kicking, and, by means of a cable from the ship securely hooked to the sling, the creature is hoisted aboard most humanely.

The conical mountain of Pico, the glory of the Azores, is best seen from the island of Fayal, separated from Pico by a channel about four miles wide. In winter it wears a mantle of snow. You see it pearly gray, with a girdle of floating clouds; clear and blue, sharply outlined against the sky; glowing rose, fading to mauve and deepest purple against a star-spangled background—a never-to-be-forgotten sight. No other volcanic peak appears so seagirt and isolated as this queen of the North Atlantic.

Cable Station at Horta.

Horta, on the island of Fayal, is a town well known to Americans in the days of New England windjammers and whalers. It is the seat of the oceanic cable stations. In one building six companies—British, German, Italian, French and two American—are housed. They transmit, through many systems of channels, messages to stations in North America, Europe, and South Africa, and, by interconnection, to every part of the world. Four staffs do the work of relaying. In the center of the building is a four-way window through which messages, mainly in code, are passed. Thus, should Jones and Jenks of New York cable to their Rome representative, the message, received by one of the two American companies, is handed through the window and a moment later is being received in Italy.

It is a night's sail from Fayal to the jagged rock of Corvo, a single extinct volcano which thrusts only its head above the sea.

Corvo's 700 hardy sons and daughters, whose home is lashed in winter by the sea in its fury, are isolated for weeks at a time, even from their only near neighbors on the island of Flores, 12 miles away. In spite of hard work and exposure, they are a sturdy lot, living a simple, contented life.

Flores is the most beautiful of all the islands. Water is so plentiful that streams cascade into the sea. The hedges of blue hydrangeas, the floral wonder of the Azores, are at their best from July to September on nearly all the islands, growing to a height of 10 to 20 feet. In Flores trails are actually cut through tunnels of these sky-blue blossoms. Masses of golden broom drape the cliffs. The island is without roads, but one is soon to be constructed.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Species of Candidates.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—It takes all kinds of candidates to make up this world. Maybe that's why the world seems so overcrowded.

There's the candidate who belongs to all the secret orders; if he left off his emblems, he'd catch cold; knows every grand hailing sign there is; hasn't missed a lodge brother's funeral in years; can hardly wait for the next one to die. No campaign complete without him.

Candidate specializing in the hearty handshake, the neck-embrace, the shoulder-slap, the bear-hug, the gift of remembering every voter by his first name, and the affectionate inquiry regarding the wife and kiddies. When he kisses a baby, it sounds like somebody taking off a pair of wet overboots. Usually has a weather-beaten wife needing a new hat.

Strutty candidate who constantly leading an imaginary parade of 50,000 faithful followers. Loves to poke his chest away out and then follows it majestically down the street. A common or standardized species.

Biblical Wisdom.

IN THE Book of Nahum, Chapter II, I came upon this verse: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Those Old Testament prophets certainly peered a long way into the future. Because I traveled by night through a main thoroughfare leading from Los Angeles to the sea and vice versa, and I knew what Nahum was describing.

But not even an inspired seer of the Bible could imagine a record of traffic mortality so ghastly as the one we've already compiled in this year of grace 1937 A. D. (automobile destruction)—or a people so speed-mad.

How to Fight Japs.

WHENEVER we have a Japanese war scare, I think of Uncle Lum Whittemore, back in west Kentucky, who loved to dispense wisdom as he hitched one practiced instep on a brass rail and with his free hand fought the resident flies for the tidbit of free lunch which he held in his grip.

One day a fellow asked Uncle Lum, who had served gallantly in the Southern Confederacy until a very hard rainstorm came up, what he'd do if the yellow peril boys invaded America.

"I'd hunt me a hollow tree in the deep woods," he said. "Yes, son, the owls would have to fetch me my mail. I been readin' up on them Japs. They're fatalists."

"What's a fatalist?" demanded someone.

"Near ez I kin make out," stated the veteran. "A fatalist is a party that thinks you're doin' him a deep pussional favor when you kill him."

Hollywood Fashions.

SOME envious style expert says Hollywood fashions are too garish. If he's talking about Hollywood males, I say they're just garish enough. If they were any more garish than they are, visitors would have to wear blinders, and if they were any less garish, Italian sunsets would stand a chance in the competition. And I want the championship to stay in America.

Billy Gaxton picks out something suitable for a vest to be worn to a fancy dress party and then has a Montgomery's tied out of it. Bob Montgomery's made out the kind that I buy in moments of weakness and then keep in a bureau drawer because I'm not so brave as Bob is; and also I keep the drawer closed because I can't stand those sudden dazzling glares. And Bing Crosby is either color-blind or thinks everybody else is. But his crooning is mighty soothing. And so it goes—red, pink, green, purple, orange, sky-blue and here and there a dash of lavender.

Our local boys gladden the landscape with the sort of clothes I'd wear, too—only my wife won't let me. Stop, look, listen! That's our sartorial motto, and these jealous designers back east can kindly go jump in a dye-pot.

SAN MARINO

Legend says San Marino, on the eastern shore of upper Italy, was founded in the Fourth century by St. Marinus of Dalmatia. Its total area is 38 square miles. Its known history begins in 885 A. D. By the Tenth century San Marino had launched its republic. The Montefeltro family and the papacy protected it. Once it was captured by Caesar Borgia, but soon regained freedom. Napoleon recognized its independence. Garibaldi, great Italian patriot, fled to San Marino on his first retreat and there disbanded his army.

Fashion's Triple-Threat



HERE'S something new in the way of triple-threats, Milady: This trio of smart contestants in the thrilling game of Sew-Your-Own! With all three in your wardrobe you'll know stadium style, classroom coquetry, and sorority chic. Best of all, you won't spend a king's ransom nor a "long stretch" in their making, thanks to the economy and simplicity of these modern Sew-Your-Owns!

Sorority Chic. Sorority chic begins and ends in the boudoirs on the third floor. This highly tasteful smock (above left) is a sorority requirement of the first order. You may choose either the short length to work in or the long length to be lazy in. Use percale, gingham or silk print.

Classroom Coquetry. What if your knowledge of bugs or battles, or what have you, is limited? You can count on a certain coquettish smile and a certain smooth-lined frock (above center) to take you through any inquisition. It will put the stamp of approval on your appearance indelibly. Try your version in dull crepe or sheer wool.

Stadium Style. Big moments come fast and furious when you're rooting for dear old Alma Mater, but you have to look the part to be one with that glamour and fun. Sew-Your-Own suggests its newest spectator dress just for this purpose—that you may look the part, feel the part and be on the winning side, no matter when or where the competition takes place.

The Patterns. Pattern 1997 is designed in sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 35-inch material. In full length 3½ yards (short sleeves). Pattern 1353 is designed in sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material. Pattern 1357 is designed for sizes

12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

New Pattern Book. Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

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Favorite Recipe of the Week

Succotash is excellent to use in filling stuffed peppers and in making souffles and scalloped dishes, but this time the suggestion is especially for succotash chowder. If you have not tried it, do so and you will find yourself well repaid for the time and energy spent.

Succotash Chowder.

3 slices bacon 1 No. 2 can succotash
2 onions Salt and pepper
2 potatoes 2 cups medium white sauce
3 carrots Chopped parsley

Cut the bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp. Chop the onion, dice the potatoes and carrots and add to the bacon fat, and fry until the onion is a light brown. Add the succotash and about a cupful of water. Cover the pan and simmer until the potatoes and carrots are tender. Season with salt and pepper. Meanwhile, make the medium white sauce and add it to the cooked vegetable mixture. Allow the mixture to heat through thoroughly to blend the flavors. Serve hot with a sprinkling of chopped parsley over the top. This is hearty. If you prefer a thinner chowder, add extra milk.

MARJORIE H. BLACK.

IT'S IN THE NEWS!

There are two classes of news in these columns every week: (1) interesting stories, about events all over the world; and (2) the advertisements. Yes, the advertisements are important of all, because they affect you more directly and personally than any other.

● A new and better method of refrigeration is devised—and you learn about it through advertisements. Improvements are added to automobiles which make them safer than ever—again advertisements carry the story. Styles change in clothing—and advertisements rush the news to your doorstep. A manufacturer finds a way to lower the price on his products—he advertises to tell you about the savings.

● You'll find that it pays to follow this news every week. Reading the advertisements is the sure way to keep abreast of the world . . . to learn of new comforts and conveniences . . . to get full money's worth for every dollar you spend.